

Angered By Display

Of Easter Finery

NEW YORK, April 9.—Angered by the display of Easter finery which his wife and three daughters were showing him, last night, William Weise shot himself, dying instantly.

When Weise upbraided Mrs. Weise and his daughters, they laughed at him for getting angry.

"You won't feel so funny about this by Sunday," he said, and disappeared into another part of the house. A moment later he committed suicide.

\$100 Reward, \$100

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.  
Sold by all Druggists, 75c.  
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Why Not Keep The Better Kind?

Just as long as a dairyman knows only the production of all his cows, just so long will he be without the necessary incentive to take steps for herd improvement. But when he knows his cows individually as to production and cost of feed, then he can retain the abundant and economical producers.

The general results as applied to a district are full of suggestion. In one lot of 422 cows belonging to 42 men the average yield last year was found to be 4,494 pounds of milk, the cost of feed \$2.90; thus, simply taking the cost of feed into consideration, leaving a net profit of \$14.28. But a slight investigation showed that the 100 best cows produced milk to the value of \$7,137.00, the 100 poorest cows produced only \$3,209.00, or much less than half as much.

The best cows were set at an average cost of \$38.42, leaving a clear profit of \$32.96, each the poorest cows cost \$30.26 to feed, returning a clear profit above the cost of feed of only \$1.74 each.

It thus is evident that each one of the 100 best cows made as much clear profit on the milk produced as that given by eighteen of the poorest.

Why not keep the better kind? I pays to find out which kind are in your herd. Milk and feed records may be obtained free on application to the Dairy Commissioner, Ottawa.

The most unique of insurance companies has an office on Wall street, New York city, has just passed its 24th birthday, has a capital of \$40,000,000 has outstanding only a dozen policies, the most recent of which was issued years ago and in all its offices has not a single telephone.

Hyomei

The Breatheable Remedy for atarrah

The rational way to combat Catarrh is the Hyomei way, viz: by breathing. Scientists for years have been agreed on this point but failed to get an anti-septic strong enough to kill catarrh germs and not destroy the tissues of the membrane at the same time, until the discovery of Hyomei (pronounced High-oh-me).

Hyomei is the most powerful yet healing antiseptic known. Breathe it through the inhaler over the inflamed and germ-ridden membrane four or five times a day, and in a few days the germs will disappear.

A complete Hyomei outfit, including the inhaler, costs \$1.00 and extra bottles, if afterwards needed, cost but 50 cents. Obtainable from your druggist or postpaid from The R. T. Booth Co., Ltd., Fort Erie, Ont. Hyomei is guaranteed to cure asthma, croup, sore throat, coughs, colds or grip or refund your money back. Sold and guaranteed by E. W. Mair.

THE WOOING OF HER LADY.

(By Maude Morrison Huey, in the "Congregationalist and Christian World.")

Marietta looked upon Miss Susanna as a saint. When she saw her moving, tall and stately among her budded lilies, she clasped her little hands in ecstatic awe. Susanna in a soft gray gown seemed an object to worship. Marietta tucked her soiled pinafore between her knees and climbed up on the iron fence, where her vision would not be interrupted by the tangled lengths of the briar rose.

To-day Miss Susanna seemed unusually saintly, for there was a smile upon her face. Her lilies were bearing perfection. Marietta beheld them, too, with a feeling of pride not unlike Miss Susanna's own. Had she not watched them grow from tiny green shoots just piercing the ground, though always from the friendly shelter of the sweet briar bush? Never had Marietta dared to venture near.

It was such a big house, that white house across the road, and everything about it was so elegant and imposing that it seemed like a bit of fairyland to simple Marietta. Once when Granny had sent her over to borrow a drawing of tea, she had trembled so she could scarcely hold the cup. Never had she forgotten the glimpse into Miss Susanna's well ordered household—the snowy floor, lit up with patches of bright spring sunshine; the rows of shining tinware hung along the wall; the tumblers of red jelly where Miss Susanna opened her closet a moment.

There was a great tall silver thing on her table; and she had velvet spread right on the floor for folks to walk on, lots nicer'n what's on your bunnit Granny. It must be like livin' in heaven to live at Miss Susanna's. I wish I could go over there and live forever, I do. I'm tired o' bein' poor folks. Marietta dodged. She was an adept at dodging Granny's blows.

'Land knows you don't wish, so more, o' I,' said Granny, getting her pipe down from the rack. 'It's a thankless task, carin' for other folkses young ones. I'm wishin' every day your dad would come and git y'. Spiteful little minx! Go now and do the dishes before I break y!' Granny looked up savagely from where she had stopped to fish a coal out of the grate, and Marietta stopped in the kitchen door to make a face at her.

Every night when Jim came in from work Granny poured her grievances into his all too willing ears. Jim was Granny's only son and a child after her own heart.

'Beat it out of her. Beat it out of her,' he would say, when he had had a full account of Marietta's shortcomings. But you couldn't beat it out of Marietta. It was born in her, and, after all, it was nothing but a natural spirit of pride and independence. But the wells of Granny's sympathy had long since dried up. It is doubtful if Jim had ever had any.

Marietta always dodged around in the corners when Jim was in the house, or if she was brought to account and dragged forth, fought like a little animal, with tooth and claw. 'A little tyrant,' people called her, and indeed it seemed that she was fast becoming that. Her dark little face was losing its soft baby outlines and taking on a look

of bitterness far beyond its year. Sometimes an expression of malicious cunning possessed her, for her time, when not in actual performance, was spent in planning how she could evade Granny or how best to get even with Jim. There was very little that ever happened to encourage tenderness in her. Her father, the only living being upon whom she had any claim, had not seen her since she was a baby. Yearly he sent pittance to Granny for her keep; but it was not enough to make it any real object to be kind to the child.

Had she been of a gentle yielding disposition, such as had been Granny's one little girl who had died, she might have found a place in the hard old heart, but as it was the matter of her keeping was an act of pure charity, as she was often and often informed.

Marietta was usually bubbling over with vivacity and hearty, childish enthusiasms, and Granny Devieu had 'nerves.' Even Jim, who was big and sturdy and might have stood a little noise, was always ordering her to 'be still.' So she had a pretty hard time of it till Miss Susanna moved into the big, silent house across the road. Marietta, from a clump of bushes beside the fence, watched the arrival of the furniture with awe and wonderment. And when Miss Susanna herself stepped out of a carriage, all dressed in black silk, with a long feather floating from her bonnet, Marietta's worship began.

She counted that day lost that gave no fleeting glimpse of her Lady, as she had called Miss Susanna from the first.

Miss Susanna wore a wide frilled bonnet, and a little yarn cape tied with a bow. During the making of flower beds, in the early spring, Marietta had been a tireless watcher. The little brown plates, spanked down smooth and level, had fascinated her; then she had come every day and peered through to see if Miss Susanna's seeds were coming up. She danced excitedly when she saw the first green shoot.

When the weather grew warm her Lady spent a great deal of time in the garden, watering and digging and watching the sprouting bulbs for signs of buds. She had a great many lilies of all sorts in long green rows through the garden.

Marietta saw the first yellow crocus even before Miss Susanna herself. She had skipped across the road in the early morning, and there it was, like a tiny golden star fallen in the night. She crouched down under the sweetbriar and waited.

Miss Susanna wore a lavender knot that morning and a little lace frill at her throat. She was just stooping to pick the crocus when she thought she heard a bird and looked all around, but could not see one. Poor Marietta had to put both hands over her mouth now to keep back her gurgles of admiration. The hand that held the crocus was white and glistened with rising. Marietta longed to kiss it, and when her Lady turned blue eyes toward the briar bush, Marietta had to hang fast to her foolish little heart lest it flutter right out of her throat; though really

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Miss Susanna looked high over her head and away to the hills beyond. It was a sad and wistful look that was in her eyes, too, but Marietta was too young to know that.

The big house, with all its rich furniture and tapestries, was lonely to Miss Susanna, who had only an elder brother for company, a stately old gentleman in black, with long chin whiskers, of whom Marietta was very much afraid. She had a cat, a big striped fellow who wore a ribbon collar. Marietta had once had the honor of petting him. As she sat curled up by the fence he had crept through into her lap. She had put a thousand kisses upon his soft fur and sent him back to her Lady.

But if Miss Susanna ever knew of Marietta's existence, she never made it manifest by word or sign. Once when Marietta came scuffling across the road and dropped into her old place, she looked squarely into the face of her Lady. She was down on her knees with the big pruning shears, trimming the sweetbriar. Marietta fell in a little trembling heap and hid her face in her sleeve; but in a moment Miss Susanna had gathered up her garden tools and was gone.

Then in the child's breast was born a great longing to be noticed by the object of her adoration, for some little attention—a hand on her tangled head, perhaps, or a kind word to her alone. She was

no longer content to look in upon Miss Susanna; her hungry little heart longed for something more satisfying. She began to woo her persistently.

At first it was only a humble bunch of leopards that Marietta had wandered all day to find. She tied them with a bit of Granny's red stocking yarn, because she had no ribbon, and then crept stealthily in and laid them on the big broad step. But it was so long before Miss Susanna came out that they had become only a wilted bit of litter that was swept away unnoticed. Marietta laid her cheek down in the grass and wept.

One morning when Granny had sent her to feed the chickens she had slipped an ear of corn inside her pinafore, and slipping over to the big red barn, had called down all Miss Susanna's doves. They came in a cloud, settling upon her head and shoulders just as they always did upon her Lady; but when the door opened away they all flew again, and the child ran home for dear life, for there came Miss Susanna's brother clikety-click down the walk with his cane.

In a thousand ways she sought for Miss Susanna's favor. She brought a little sticky handful of wintergreen berries and offered them over the iron fence; but Miss Susanna only said, "N, thank you, li'tle girl," in a way that was

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Apple Orchards Are Sure Money!

But we must plant the native grown trees. I have a few trees, all the hardy, reliable varieties, 3 to 5 years old—must positively clear out a May, the last chance to get them. Send list of what you want. POTATO MEN! Arsenate of Lead is cheaper than Paris Green. Does not wash off. Does not burn the plant. I am agent for the famous Grasselli Arsenate of Lead and Grasselli Fordeaux Mixture.



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